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"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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"DE-LIGHT-ED!"

THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY.



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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

NOW THAT the Moroccan game is up, perhaps the Hottentots will gratify the Kaiser's wish for a fight. Or Señor Castro. He is always obliging.

THE RECENT battle in the Philippines was by far the fiercest since the era of peace began. Peace would be fearfully monotonous were it not for the fighting, would n't it?

"[N PROCEEDING to such a question as this (the insurance indictments), I understand, and so do you, the gravity of the burden placed upon you," said the Court to the Grand Jury. Shucks! The New York *World* could settle the whole matter in less time than it spent building the Nassau Street Arcade.

AN UNDERTAKER is running for alderman in Chicago, and the other twenty-six undertakers in his ward are opposed to him. To counteract this, all the doctors are for him. An interesting "layout."

PAT MCCARREN is opposed to 80-cent gas because it would be "manifestly unfair" to the gas company. Albany is still Albany.

REPUBLICANS at Washington are a bit uneasy over the outlook for their party in the next Congressional elections. We read that "a warning will soon be sent out designed to stir up the workers throughout the country." In order to counteract any anti-Republican tendency, "the workers" might adopt some such program as this: First, read to the wabbling voter the President's "square deal" letter, in which he indignantly denied Judge Parker's charge that Republican campaigns were financed by corrupt corporations. Second, read to him the testimony of Richard A. McCurdy, John A. McCall, James Hazen Hyde, Chauncey M. Depew and Thomas C. Platt before the Armstrong Insurance Committee. Third, and assuming that he still wabbles, lucidly explain to him why Cornelius N. Bliss and George B. Cortelyou were *not* called to the stand. "Work" along these lines and results are sure to come.

SCENE:—THE ALBANY SENATE CHAMBER.



I.

ANDY HAMILTON.—Well, I have just told all—



II.

ANDY HAMILTON.—My, but they're a nervous lot! As I started to remark, I have just told all the newspaper boys, for the hundredth time, that I have nothing further to say.

PUCK



PREHISTORIC VAUDEVILLE.
THE ORIGINAL "KNOCKABOUT TEAM."



THE NUFANGL FAMILY.

ALL the house is bright and snappy
With the very latest things
Which the street car ad. or billboard
To our pleased attention brings.

Mother wears the "Nushape" corset
(Billboards show you how they look),
Sister keeps her skirt together
With a "Nu-Kind" nottahook.

Brother's fifty-cent suspenders
Bear the label "El-Eee-Gance";
Baby wears the "Di-Do Di-Dee";
Father wears "Nufangl" pants.

At our house we feed on "Biss-Kuts,"
Drink the "Moka-Jav Kaw-Fee,"
Spread our bread with "Wun-Kow" butter,
Dip our toast in "See-Lon" tea.

Bridget blacks the stove with "Poll-Ish,"
Uses "Klee-Nit" on the floor;
With an "E-Z" brush she scrubs the
Handle of the big front door.

All we wear, eat, use is just as
Nu-Fash-Und as it can be.
Don't you think it's Id-I-Ot-Ic?—
So at least thinks

B. L. T.

THE WALK CURE.

"I'm out of health," said the man, dejectedly.
For an answer the doctor waved his hand toward the
door of his inner office, whereon were painted these words:
"Walk in."

So the man walked, and walked, early and late, and, sure
enough, found himself, at last, in health once more.

This fable teaches that prescriptions are not always the worse
for being misunderstood.

THERE is a difference between liberty and license. If you don't
believe it ask any man who has taken out a marriage license.

PIONEER PURE PABULUM PHALANSTERY.

WE TAKE pleasure in announcing to our patrons that
no expense has been spared in making every
ingredient of our foods chemically pure. Do not go
elsewhere to be poisoned. Patronize us and get honest
drugs. Read list given below.

The copperas, sodium sulphate and salicylic acid
used in the preparation of our pickles have been tested
by a government expert and found free from adul-
teration.

Beware of cheap drugs in your catsup and
tomato soup. The coal-tar dye and benzoic acid
entering into our specially prepared products are
the purest obtainable at the most reliable whole-
sale drug house in the country.

Attention is called to our corn scallops. The
sulphurous acid is thoroughly tested every day, and the
formaldehyde is prepared by our own private chemist.

The borax used in our canned beef we import from
Arizona at our own expense. Send for our beautiful
three-color calendar, showing the immense ox teams used by
us in bringing this product overland.

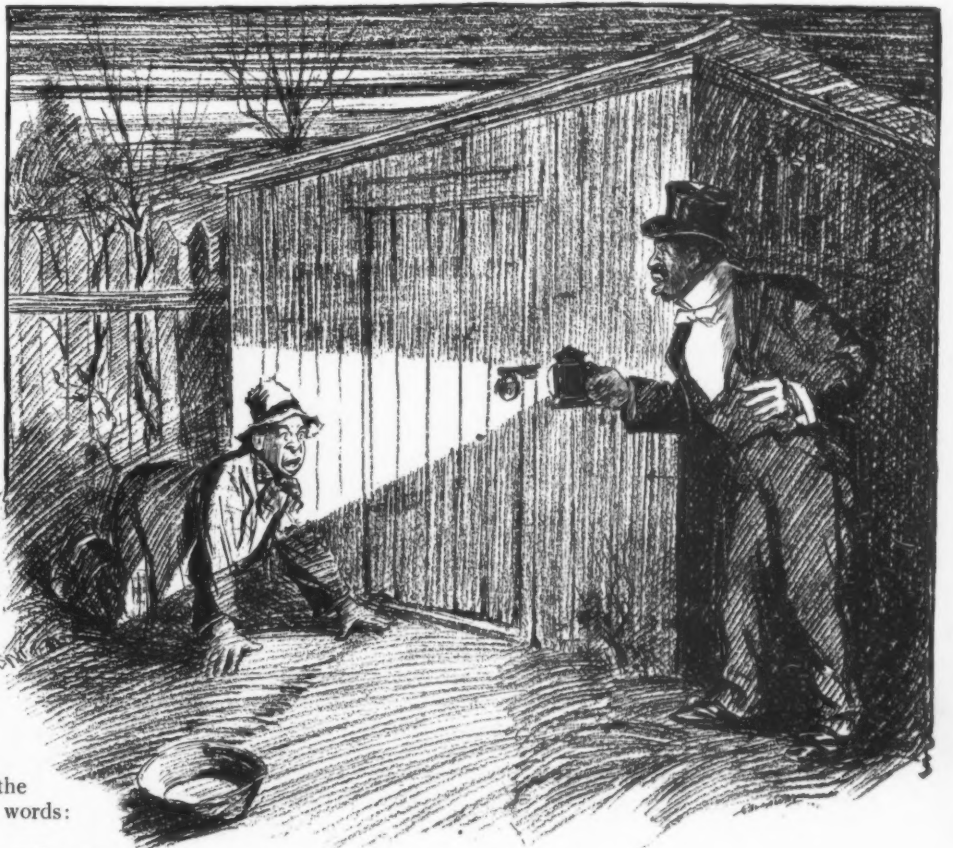
Bread and butter, nearly "like Mother used to make." Finest
quality of alum, oleo and aniline dye.

We desire to direct your notice to the superb quality of our
wines and liquors. The wood alcohol entering into the foundation
of our clarets is the highest proof, and the coal-tar dyes have im-
parted the richest and most delicate tints. Our logwood is imported
especially for us. The Scotch and domestic whiskies have received
the same careful expert attention.

DON'T EAT CHEAP AND DANGEROUS DRUGS!

Patronize the Pioneer Pure Pabulum Phalanstery!

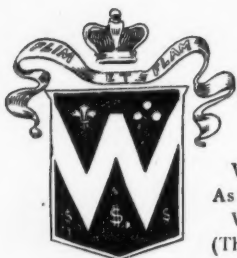
E. M. Robinson.



THE HEN COOP VARIETY.

MOSE MOKEY. — Wha-wha yo' doin' wif dat ebenin' dress suit
on? Huh, niggeh?

THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN. — Doan' talk dataway t' me, you
ornery chicken t'ief! Ain' all de fust-class burglars Raffeses deseyer
days?



AUTO ECONOMY.

"I've bought an auto—for, you see,
'T will easy pay its cost;
As measure of economy
We count there's nothing lost.
As instance: street car fare to town!
We save all *that* expense.
(The gasolene, however, *down*,
Amounts to *twenty cents*!)

A horse and carriage? No, indeed!
For what's the use, we say,
Of drain for harness and for feed—
So high are oats and hay.
We'll save that, too, and so we do,
As well as street-car fares.
(Tho' monthly bills, 'twixt me and you,
Are frightful, for repairs!)

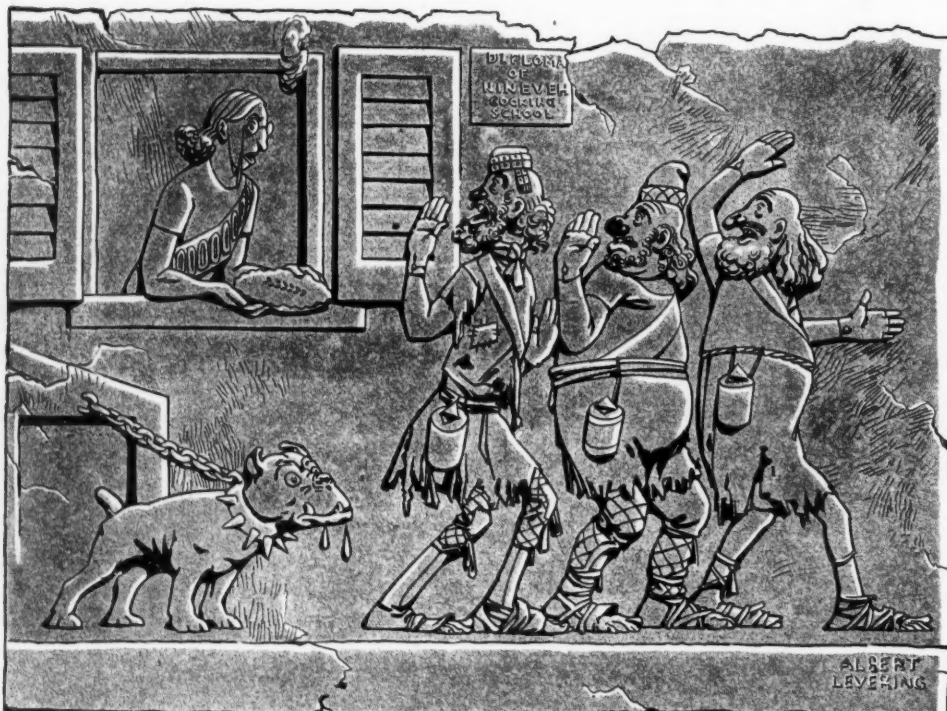
And then—a barn is apt to be
A nuisance; since, of course,
So hard it is onself to free
Of odors of the horse.
And one may save, with a machine,
Such bother, goodness knows!
(Tho' one does smell of gasolene
And ruins lots of clothes!)

And oh, convenience! Just a treat
Our auto have we found!
A thing like that is hard to beat
When covering the ground.
Such *time* we save, as fast we steer
Unhampered in designs.
(Tho', true, it's mostly out of gear,
Or else we're up for fines.)

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE EVIL OF EVILS.

"I WAS one time run over by a twenty-horse power automobile."
"Dreadful!"
"Oh, I did n't mind so much. I had a bad cold that day and
could n't smell a thing."



THE JOKES OF THE ANCIENTS.

The Tramps-and-the-Amateur-Pie-Joke is thus unquestionably identified with the reign
of Sillicuss, the Fourth; 3150 B. C.



THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

EMINENT FINANCIER.—Doc, I'm going to take out another million
dollar policy. As the company's medical director, you'll testify, of course,
as to my perfect health?

INSURANCE PHYSICIAN.—Certainly.

EMINENT FINANCIER.—And by the way, Doc, I've been cited to
appear before a gimlet-eyed, half-baked investigator from the West, a fellow
who's totally ignorant of our Eastern financial ethics. As my family phy-
sician, just write me a memo, will you, that I'm threatened with pneumonia
or appendicitis and can't possibly appear?

SOCKED!

"WELL, NO," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, in reply
to the inquiry of the patent-churn man, "there ain't been
anything of importance going on here of late
but, the sock-social given by the ladies of the
Methodist church, one night last week."

"Sock-social, eh? I presume each gentle-
man attending was presented with a pair of
socks? Was that the idea?"

"That was about the idea possessed in
advance by the gentlemen in question, when
they were told that at the sock-social they
would be greet by a complete surprise; which
they, by gosh, were, for the sock part of it was
that they were 'socked' for enough money to
pay for reshingling the roof of the parsonage."

WHAT THEY WANT.

THE Senate has its troubles, too;
That body of renown
Now wishes to be written up
Instead of written down.

"OH, LET HIM GO."

WHEN a sneak-thief was caught red-handed
at a New York hotel a good-natured
guest remarked: "Oh, let him go! He did n't
get away with the goods." But when the good-
natured guest discovered that it was his own
coat which the thief had lifted he changed
his tune.

In this little episode, fellow-citizens, we
have an explanation of Tammany successes and
all other political graft. We don't care how much
the rascals steal so long as our own coat is not
disturbed.



IF A BODY MEET A MASHER.

RARE-BITS OF HISTORY.

MRS. JOSHUA pulled aside the oiled paper and gazed at the landscape outside the dugout. The hour-glass registered three A. M. but the sun was still shining in the western horizon.

"Joshua!" she exclaimed, as her husband appeared above the balustrade, carrying his sandals in his hand, "did n't the 'Skylarks' meet last night, or what was supposed to be last night?"

"Y—yes, my dear."

"Ah! I thought as much. Now you move that sun right up where it belongs, I'm on to your tricks, and you need n't trouble about going to bed either, as the Aepyornithes are crowing for their feed, and I want you to run over to Mrs. Jonah's and borrow some of those lovely whalebone stays she showed me year before last."

QUITE APPARENT.

THE TRAMP.—You're one man in a hundred. 'T ain't often I meet anybody that'll talk to me two minutes without askin' why I don't go to work at some trade.

THE REMARKABLE MAN.—Oh, I can tell by looking at you.



THE LATEST WRINKLE.

SWEETS.

THE FACT, recently brought to light by the Bureau of Statistics, that we use more sugar per capita or per gasteres than any other people in the world, may be variously accounted for. For instance, none but an American has the hardihood to keep on bringing his girl candy when he knows this can only result in his winning her heart and hand and having her dentist's bills to pay ever after. Likewise, none but an American dare put upward of three lumps in his coffee with his landlady looking. But, after all, the real explanation is probably to be found in the circumstance of Americans being denied the uses of adversity by the operation of the Dingley Tariff, and having therefore to resort to other sweets to supply the natural demand for that sort of thing.

IMPOSSIBLE.

LITTLE WILLIE.—There are women mummies, are n't there, Pa?

MR. HENNYPECK.—No, my son, I think not. No woman can be made to dry up and stay dried up.

PRETTY BAD.

"WELL," exclaimed the first-nighter, as he came from the theater, "it's a mighty good thing that theatrical managers are not always known by the company they keep."



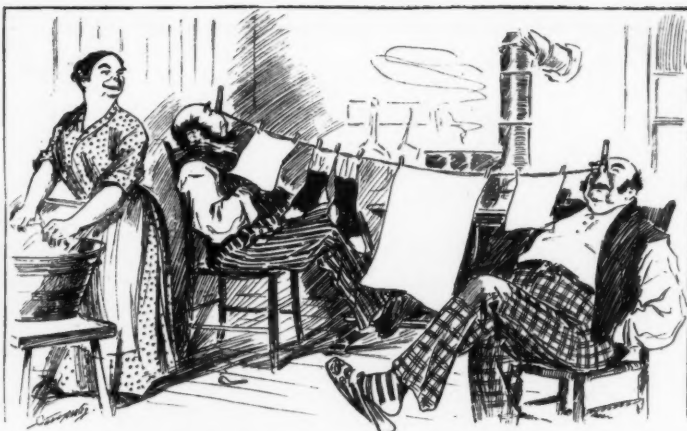
A CORNER IN COPPER.

Where hot air is so much cheaper to make than love, there can hardly be much doubt as to what it is that causes the world to go round.

GETTING A LINE ON THEM



MRS. GROGAN.—The lazy devils! Look at thim aslapin' there, an' me here a-groanin' at me tub!



THE SAME LADY (two minutes later).—Slape on, both o' yez! 'Tis the iligant clothes posts yez are!

ONLY A DREAM.

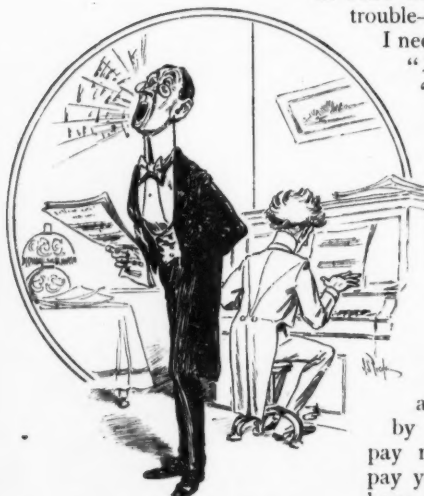
"HOW STRANGE, and he promised to come by eight, and there's the clock striking the—Heavens! he is here! Mr. Solder, I sent for you to—"

"Now, I beg you won't disturb yourself to say a word. I see at once what is the trouble. It is a trifle—a trouble—some matter, but one easily remedied. I need only a wrench and a soldering-iron."

"And when will you be back?"

"Back? Why, I have all my tools in the wagon outside. I always bring them when called professionally. Everything will be adjusted in twenty minutes, and the cost will be little or nothing: perhaps twenty-five cents."

(Fifteen minutes seem to pass.)



MURDER ON THE HIGH C'S.

"There, my good sir, all is in order, and guaranteed for a year. If all is well by next year, you can pay me. If not, I will pay you for the trouble I have caused. Now, as soon as I have put the room in order, swept the floor, dusted the furniture, and oiled the wood-work, I will leave you. Thank you, sir."

"And you are a plumber?"

"Yes."

"And the year is—"

"Nineteen hundred and—"

(But here the householder awoke).

Tudor Jenks.

MISS PLUMPLEIGH.

SHE'S fasting every livelong day,
Her little sins recanting;
For keeping Lent's a pleasant way
She finds to do her banting.

NOT SO BAD.

SILAS SKINFLINT.—As fer me, I still contend
thet thet there Mormon feller frum Utey
should n't be allowed to sit in the United States
Senate.

HIRAM HOSSENSE (reflectively).—H'm! Come
tew think uv it, I don't think as how anybody
ever accused him uv acquirin' his wives dis-
honestly, did they?

OBSOLETE.

SENATOR GRABBIT.—There are a number of words in use that have become practically meaningless.

SENATOR GRAFTRIX.—Yes; take for example the word "elected." Here in this paper it says: "Hon. Gotrox has been elected to the Senate."

BANKRUPT.

WHEN he failed in his business his creditors said
"Old Jones has gone up!" Now I wonder
Why they said he "went up" when they very well knew
As a matter of fact he "went under?"

But if he went "under" and "up" both at once,
The wonder he failed surely ceases,
Such a marvelous feat could not otherwise do
Than result in his going to pieces!

H. W. Francis.



THE SMART SET NURSERY.

THE GOVERNESS.—Why, Gwendolyn, what are you doing?

THE SMART SET CHILD.—Just playing. Reggy and I are making
believe get a divorce and I'm listening here for evidence.

Pending a settlement of those differences of opinion as to whether or not
poverty is a crime, the usual penalty will continue to be imposed.

PUCK

A FABLE FOR WOMEN.



ONCE upon a time there were two women artstudents who were great friends and who had determined to have careers. Of course each had declared that she would never marry, but that was before they knew any attractive men. Art seemed rather long for awhile, and then one of the girls fell in love with a prosperous young broker and decided that woman's true sphere is the home, particularly when she can't make her salt in a studio, and so she got married. The other fell in love too, for women have a foolish habit of doing that sort of thing; but as the object of her affections already had two wives to take care of, it seemed that she better stick to the career idea. Of course one of these wives was divorced and got only six dollars a week alimony, but she had to be considered just the same.

"Well, time went on, and the artist kept painting pictures and working steadily, which she could easily do as she had no loving family to stand in her way, and by-and-by she was famous. She made a lot of money too and had a fine studio with tiger-skin rugs and a pianola, and then she did n't need the fish-net which all poor artists have draped across the barest end of their studios. The other lady had been getting rich too, for her husband was wise to many things and knew better than to try to beat any game. They had a fine house and three lovely children and eight servants. It would have been terrible if there had been eight children and only three servants, but she was an excellent manager, and things turned out just right.

In spite of their success and happiness, neither of these women was perfectly satisfied. The free one sighed for bondage and the bond wanted to be free. So when they met after many years, they fell on each others' necks and wept, and each began envying the other.

"Oh, what lovely children and what a dear husband!" sighed the artist.

"What a delightful studio, and how splendid to have it all to yourself!" exclaimed the other.

"How sweet to have someone dependent on you and to care whether you come home or not!"

"How fine to go out whenever you want to without a word to anybody!"

"What a perfect life you lead!"

"What an ideal existence is yours!"

And so it went, each wanting the thing she did n't have and coveting her neighbor's happiness. Then the wife had an idea.

"Let us change places for a week, and see how it works out. Then you can tell whether you really want to be married and have a home and family, and I can find out whether I should give up mine and devote myself to art, as in the old days." She had forgotten what a bad artist she was in her enthusiasm for the new scheme.

So they changed places. Now don't say this could n't happen; anything can happen in a story. The artist went to live in the beautiful home of the broker's wife with the three lovely children and the eight servants. She went out driving in a large victoria every day, holding a little spaniel dog with a pushed-in face. She did n't like dogs,



AT THE INSECTTE APARTMENTS.

CHORUS OF BOARDERS.—Darn that hog of a waterbug! He's been in the bath-tub exactly one hour and forty-seven minutes!

but it was n't the thing to take the children, and besides they could n't all get in the carriage and the first day they had such a fight to see who should go, that she decided not to try it again. Then she had long lists of calls to make, teas to attend, dinners to give, dresses to try on every morning and lots of things she was n't used to. The other went to the artist's studio and tried to get to work. All the morning she would paint in a North light; afternoons she would endeavor to study, and evenings people would drop in. She gave a reception, but the literary and artistic talk was beyond her; she admired the wrong pictures; the only school she could tell at sight was the impressionistic and she began to long for the safe inanities of an afternoon tea on polite Madison Avenue and vicinity.

At the end of a week they met and wept for joy that the time was up and each could take her own place again.

"I am crazy to get to work again!" exclaimed the artist. "I have almost died of idleness, I did n't know what to do with the children, and your husband was too busy to make love to me."

(Of course the wife had been perfectly sure of this about her husband or she never would have suggested such a scheme. Incidentally the artist's special admirer was out of town, so she, too, felt safe.)

"Your friends are all so hard at work," said the wife, "that they quite wore me out, and it was so funny. The man who paints madonnas and dear little children was never married and never had any of his own. They all talk about stuff I don't understand, and the paints don't seem to mix as well as they used to when we were students together."

So they changed back again, and each lived happily ever afterwards.

N. B.—This fable teaches us—but, pshaw! you can see that for yourself.

Beatrice Sturges.



"SEVEN-UP."

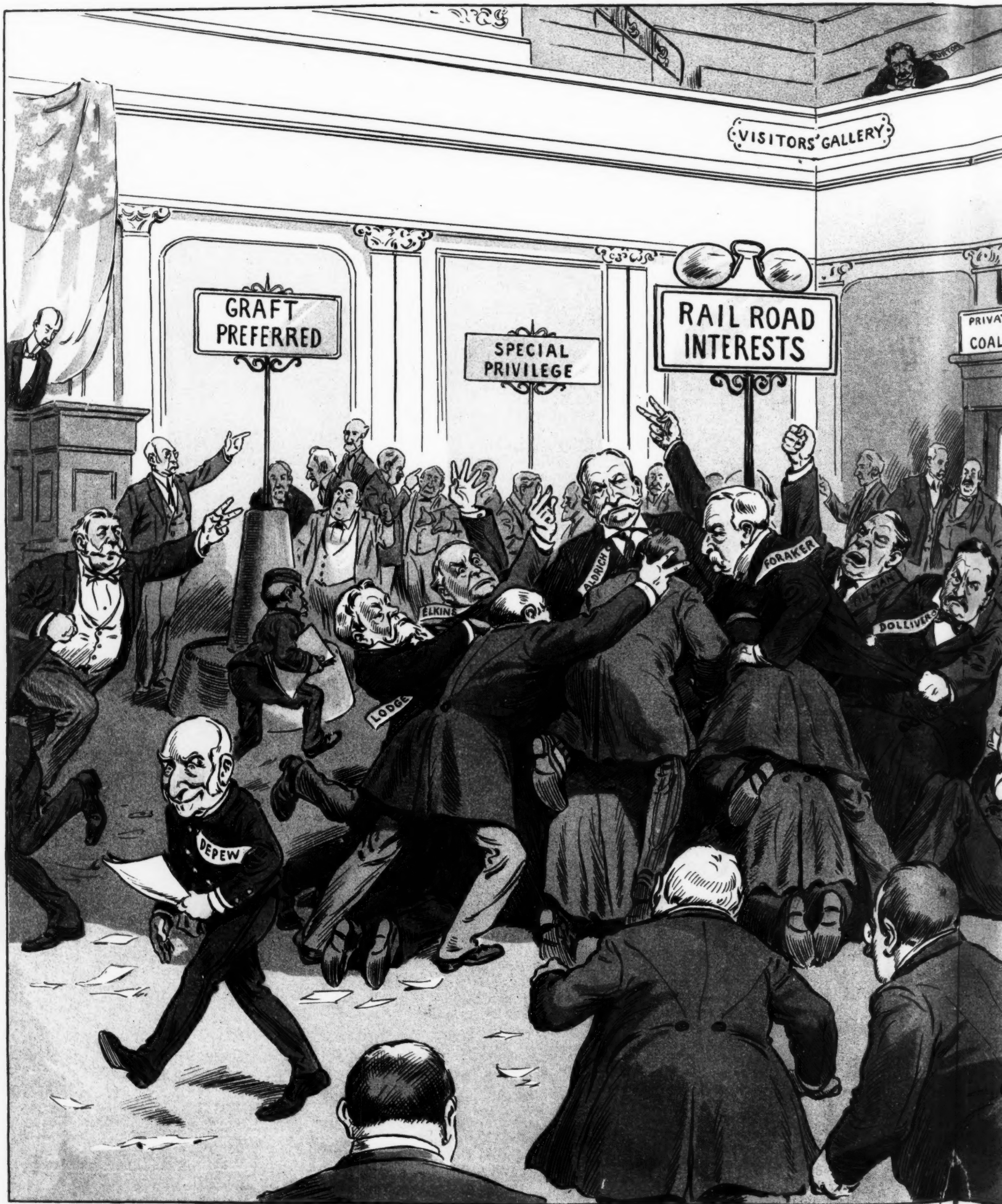
A NECESSARY UTENSIL.

"JONES and his wife are quarreling again."

"Oh, yes!"

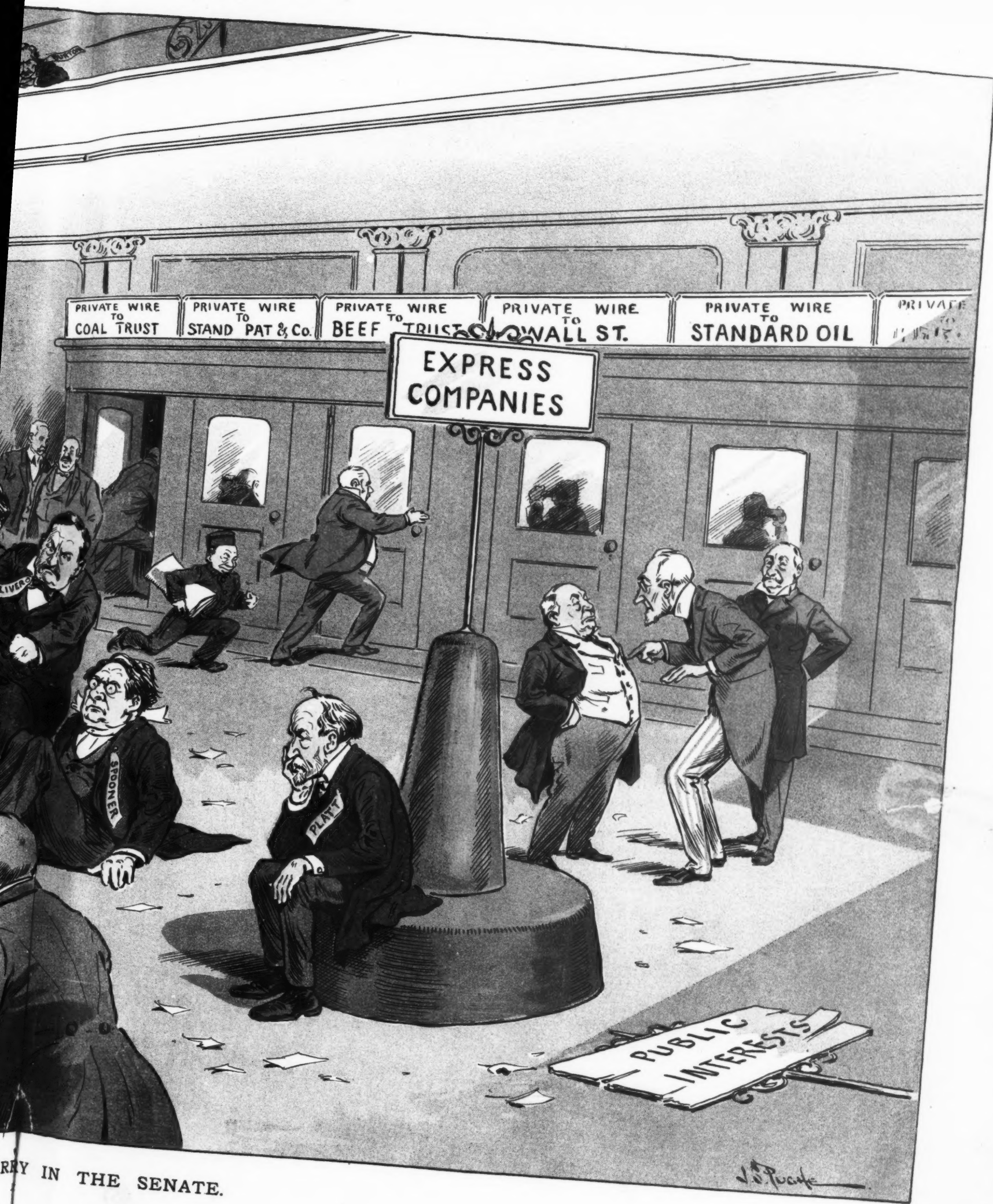
"I thought they buried the hatchet."

"Well, so they did, but the very next time Mrs. Jones had to chop the kindling, she dug it up."



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE RECENT FLURRY IN



RY IN THE SENATE.

PUCK

THE ROAD TO RICHES.

TERRENCE O'TOOLE, the dazzling author of "George Washington, Jr.," found it impossible at the beginning to break into the theatrical business. By a happy inspiration he changed his name to Cohan, and is now gathering in coin with both hands.

John Jones was a clever press agent, but he found it difficult to get work. Since he became Max Feuerbaum he has more work than he wants.

Old friends of Jake Cohenstein, the well-known and prosperous scenic artist, remember him as Jimmie O'Brien. He could n't do business with such a name.

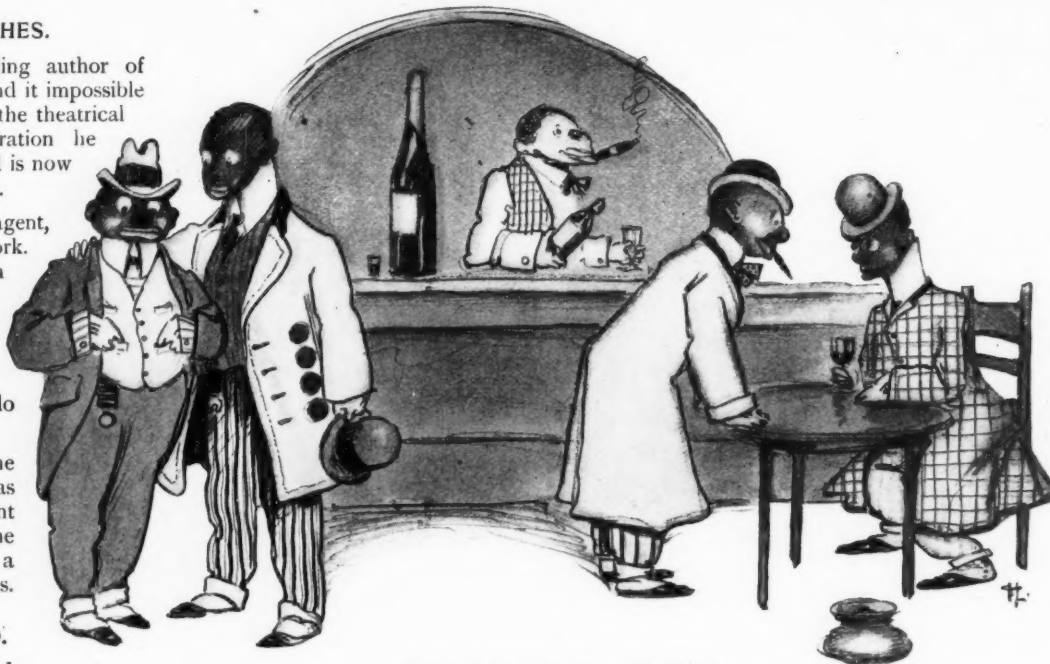
William Wallace, manager of the opera house at Lafayette, Ind., has quit trying to run an independent theater. He has changed his name to Minzesheimer, and announces a choice line of Syndicate attractions.

A SUGGESTION TO OHIO.

APROPOS the recent bill introduced into the Ohio Legislature providing for the painless killing of the incurably ill or insane, the following amendment is offered:

1.—The Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislature, shall appoint an Official Fool-Killer to hold office for the term of two years and receive a salary of \$17,000 per annum. Whenever, in the opinion of this officer, a citizen of the state of Ohio manifests the usual visible symptoms of a known fool, said officer shall impanel a jury of three freeholders in the county of the domicile of the suspect. Such jury shall, after careful examination, return a verdict whether, in its opinion, the putative fool is incurable and a menace to society. If the verdict is in the affirmative, the Official Fool-Killer shall then and there in the presence of said jury proceed to chloroform aforesaid fool until he is dead; provided, that if said fool be obdurate, and it is apparent to a majority of the jurors that he is too young to kill by chloroform, then the Official Fool-Killer is authorized to affect his death by electrocution or cigarettes, in the discretion of the jury.

2.—No provision of this Act shall be construed to apply to members of the Ohio Legislature while the same is in session.



THE PESSIMIST'S SYSTEM.

CLARENCE COOPAH.—Am dar any way ob tellin' a horse's age 'cept by lookin' at his teef, Sidney?

SIDNEY SINCLAIR.—Well, dar's mah way ob tellin'. Ah gen'lly tells by de number o' years Ah been a-bettin' on him.

LITERARY TASTE.

MARY read a little Lamb,
And yawned: "The dullest feller
Ever!" Then took her card and drew
The latest six-best-seller.

APPLY DESCRIBED.

MODERN COMPOSER.—Have you heard my latest one-act opera?
FRIEND.—Not yet. Comic?
MODERN COMPOSER.—No;—baby grand.

IF fools rush in where angels fear to tread, let it be borne in mind that angels have their board and clothes found them, whereas the fools probably have theirs to hustle for.

THE CONVIVIAL HUNTER AND HIS NERVE-RACKING GUN.



I.



II.



III.



IV.

ON BEING IN DEBT.



ONE of the most delightful things about being in debt is that everyone else is in the same predicament. And people in a great city, if you will notice, seem to take an especial pleasure in owing their tailors and their landlords, and particularly their doctors for such a luxury as "last Spring's appendicitis." They boast of their enormous debts as almost all of us do of our bad handwriting. Why is it considered fashionable to be in debt and to write an atrocious hand? It is one of the inexplicable things. So many of us are foolishly proud of our shortcomings.

Yet, while being in debt may fill us with an odd sense of satisfaction, and cause us to number ourselves among the elect, it has, too, decided disadvantages. Truly, it makes life interesting, and adds to our days a certain Becky Sharp glamour that makes us feel as if we were almost, if not quite, as clever as Thackeray's immortal heroine. We live in an age when to be harassed is to live happy; and creditors take a notorious delight in ringing our electric bells and ascending in our smart apartment-hotel lifts — when they can get by the amply fed clerks whose duty it is to protect us.

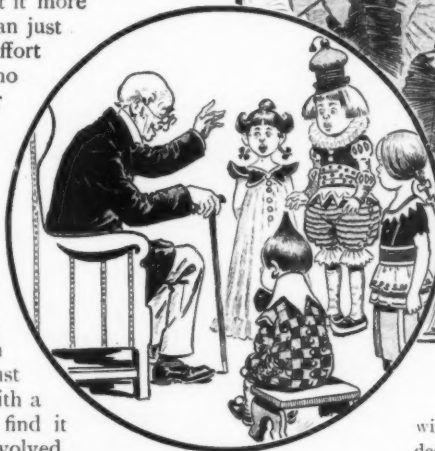
Yes, being in debt adds a zest to life, but it is going (listen, O ye tradesmen!) to become unfashionable very soon. The reason is simple enough. The state is getting to be shockingly common; and none of us wishes to be common. We wish to be distinguished; and it is coming to be a mark of distinction to see a man or woman who does not owe enormous sums here and there. Such a person stands out — like a great stain on the community, some will say. Perhaps so; but isn't it more distinguished to be that great stain than just a mere bit of the community? The effort to acquire such a position, however, no doubt calls for too much energy for it ever to become generally popular; while to fall in debt is the easiest thing in the world; to remain there easier still.

But to remain aristocratically in debt is something that cannot be acquired; it must be born with one, inherited. For my own part, I have never allowed myself to fall very deeply in debt, for the simple reason that I never could get anyone to trust me very long — though I do bank with a Trust, or trusting Company. But I find it disadvantageous to become heavily involved,

since, when I attempt to borrow money from my friends to pay off some old accounts, I am unable to do so — because everybody else is in debt, too! Therefore I have laid out a little scheme which I intend to follow for the rest of my days. I shall always remain comfortably, snugly, just a little wee bit in debt, so that when my friends approach me for financial aid, I can truthfully say that I cannot oblige them, since every penny I can scrape together must go toward the payment of my own bills. It will relieve me of much stress and irritation, and will allow me to pay back some of my old friends in their own coin — which, in the circumstances, is a delightful figure of speech, I think.

Charles Hanson Towne.

LOOKING pretty, and especially looking pretty out of doors, is exercise enough to keep most women in good health.



TIME'S TROPICAL GROWTH.

Brown's backyard, as it really looked, in the warm winter of 1906; and the same yard as Grandpa Brown will describe it to his grandchildren, in 1956.

Truth is crushed to earth by the band-wagon about as often as otherwise.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

YEARS
ARE REQUIRED TO DEVELOP THE MATURITY
AND FINE FLAVOR OF

HUNTER

RYE RYE



TRADE MARK
HUNTER
BALTIMORE RYE
BOTTLED BY
WM. LANAHAN & SON,
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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

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To Two Delightful
Cities**

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New Orleans to

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Havana**

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WILSON

That's All!

A LITTLE LEARNING.

JOHNNY (after first day at school).—I learned something to-day, mamma.
MAMMA (much interested).—What was it?
JOHNNY.—I learned to say "Yes, ma'am" and "No ma'am."
MAMMA.—You did?
JOHNNY.—Yep.—*Woman's Home Journal.*

It really seems as if when Secretary Taft steps on the platform of a weighing machine he ought to put more than a nickel in the slot.—*Somerville Journal.*



HISTORIC NOTE.
BOARDER WARFARE.

The first thing in the morning, if you need a brace
should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters
in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

WHAT DELAYED DINNER.

THE LADY.—What makes dinner so late, Katie?
THE GIRL.—I could n't get the macaroni, ma'am.
"Why, I thought the grocer brought it early this morning?"
"So he did, ma'am; but Johnnie had a lot of boys in the yard, and they
were using it for putty blowers!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WILFULLY MISUNDERSTOOD.

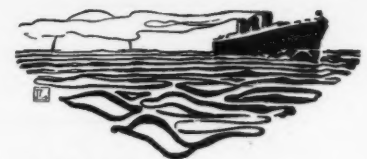
"They're in reduced circumstances, of course, but their family is a very
old one and proud, even if they have lots of debts. They date back to the time
of William the Conqueror."
"The debts, you mean? I don't doubt that."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

WOMAN'S WAY.

SHE.—We never hear of any women after-dinner speakers.
HE.—No; women can't wait until after dinner. They tell everything they
know before dinner.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

EVEN if the movement to increase the president's salary fails there is little
reason to fear a shortage of candidates two years hence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE average man is beginning to realize now that his wife was n't so foolish
after all, when she spent such a lot of time and used such a lot of sugar last
autumn, putting up preserves.—*Somerville Journal.*



DUTY—that's about all
that makes foreign cham-
pagnes cost double the price of

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ON THE FERRYBOAT.

"T was just an average little boy
Of six or thereabouts;
I left him full of picnic, and
He left me full of doubts.

He ate bananas, sandwiches,
Sweet pickles, cake and jam,
Fried chicken and potato chips,
Ice cream and tea and ham.

To these he added pink pop corn
And quarts of lemonade;
Of what, then, was his little tum
So wonderfully made?

With bated breath I watched that child,
Expecting him to burst,
But presently, though still I gazed,
I ceased to fear the worst.

For after endless candy from
A green and sticky heap,
That sated infant sighed and yawned,
Then, smiling, fell asleep!
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH.

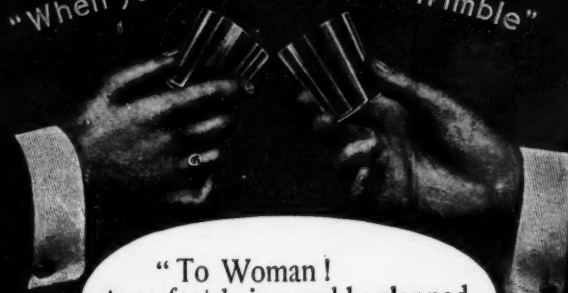
"No truer words were ever spoken
than these: 'A fool and his money are
soon parted,'" said the lecturer.

"Sure thing," piped a voice from the
rear of the hall; "we all gave up fifty
cents apiece to get in here!" — *Yonkers
Statesman.*

THE latest cure for dyspepsia is a
balloon trip. It comes high. — *Cleve-
land Plain Dealer.*

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To warn, to comfort and com-
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SPRING FEVER.

There's something in the atmosphere,
Along about this time of year,
That sets a fellow wishing
That he could drop his daily task,
And take his fly-rod and his flask,
And just go off a-fishing.

Unhappily the average man
Quite seldom can, or thinks he can,
Drop things and go a-fishing.
And so he stays at home and grubs,
With all other fuddidubs,
And takes it out in wishing.

— *Somerville Journal.*

IN CHICAGO.

MRS. DEARBORN.—I met Mrs. La Salle, to-day.

MRS. WABASH.—Who? The woman who is always talking about her
late husband?

MRS. DEARBORN.—Well, she's stopped that. She's talking about her
latest husband now. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER ought to come out at least long enough to discover
whether or not he can see his shadow. — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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Omaha, Neb.

OR WAS IT THE BABY?

LAWSON.—I thought you told me that you had picked out a name for the
baby two months ago.

DAWSON.—We did, but it did n't fit. — *Somerville Journal.*

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What the Critics Say About

Monsieur D'en Brochette

This "historical" account of cer-
tain of the adventures of Huevos Pa-
sada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio
Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie
Gras, is a clever and amusing burles-
que on the novel of historio-adventure.
We consider it strange it has
not been done before, but it is cer-
tainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Burlesque

"Monsieur D'en Brochette," is a
capital travesty of the romances of
the sword by American imitators of
Alexandre Dumas which have been
so numerous and popular in the last
few years. The satire is keen and
even the victims cannot fail to ad-
mire the skill with which the sharp
thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Historical Romance

The adventures which Robert Gas-
ton de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of
Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie
Gras, and Much Else Besides, suc-
ceeds in crowding into the short space
of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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MERELY HUMAN.

It is n't hard to give advice
Or write a song of hope and cheer.
The poet's job is rather nice
At certain seasons of the year.
It's fine to laud the laughing lip,
'The gospel of the smile to teach—
But, Heavens! when you've got the
"grip"
It's hard to practice what you
preach.

It's very fine, of course, to scoff
At human ills as small indeed,
And say "the smile that won't come
off"

Is all the medicine we need.
It's nice to urge all men to skip
'The swear-word as a part of speech—
But, Heavens! when you've got the
"grip"
It's hard to practice what you
preach.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

WANTED TO FORGET.

HE.—Did you forget that yesterday
was your birthday, dear?
SHE.—Yes I did! And you please
forget it now! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

DEFINED.

TEACHER.—Who knows what trip-
lets are?
TEACHER'S PET.—I know; two
twins and one left over.—*Woman's
Home Companion.*

BEFORE they go any further with
that forty-story skyscraper in New York
it might be well to stop and consider
the expense of the extra force of men
who will have to be stationed on the
roof to push the clouds away. —
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Angostura
bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health
giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

OUT AND BEYOND.

The weary clerk, worn out with work,
Yearns for the farm—its peaceful
shade,
The rest and quiet, where flowers run
riot,
And he is free from thoughts of trade.

The farmer tired, has long aspired
To see the town with its turmoil;
The streets ablaze, the dizzy maze,
For he's a-weary of the soil.

And it is best! Men should not rest
Content with one horizon's brim;
Beyond that goal, the aspiring soul
Will find there's much in store for
him. — *Four-Track News.*

SOMETHING is surely going to hap-
pen to the powder trust just as soon
as Congress gets a little hotter.—
Washington Post.

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There are heroes of the common sort,
Who boldly do and dare;
Who look on danger as a sport,
And never know a scare.
But with a medal large and bright
And quite a bunch of pelf,
I'd honor that heroic wight
Who always shaves himself!
— *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

HE.—I think I would like to kiss
you?

SHE.—Do you always think twice
before you act.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

THE above reproduction of an oil painting by Massani, now the property of Mr. Edison, depicts the delighted amazement of an old couple upon hearing a Phonograph for the first time. No less surprised and delighted are those who now hear the improved Edison Phonograph for the first time in a number of years. They are amazed to find it so different from what they thought, their previous opinions having been based on the old style machines or the imitations owned by their neighbors.

The Edison Phonograph is to-day the world's greatest and most versatile entertainer, and Mr. Edison is ever striving to make it better. It talks, laughs, sings—it makes home happy. It renders all varieties of vocal or instrumental music with marvellous fidelity. It offers something to suit every taste—every mood—every age—every day in the year.

No other good musical instrument can be so easily operated at so little expense. It will cost you nothing to hear it at the dealer's.

NOTE—A splendid reproduction of the above painting by Massani, in fourteen colors, without advertising, 17 x 25 inches in size, mailed on receipt at Orange, N.J., office of thirty cents in stamps or money order. Worth a place in any home.

Write for free booklet, "Home Entertainments with the Edison Phonograph," and name of the nearest dealer.

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31 Union Square, New York 304 Wabash Ave., Chicago



DIDN'T FEEL SURE OF HIMSELF.

THE FLIRT.—Congratulate me.
THE BACHELOR.—Really?
"Yes, I'm going to be married."
"I'm so glad."
"Are you, really?"
"Yes, really! You know I was always a little afraid of you!" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

WELL ANSWERED.

"There is an echo up near Niagara Falls," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "and when a person shouts, 'Will Niagara ever dry up?' the answer comes back, 'Dry up!'" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

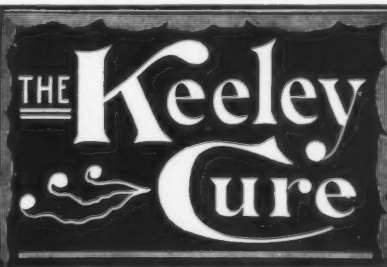
THE TROUBLES OF MILLIONAIRES.

"If you don't watch out," says a Georgia exchange, "our big millionaires will soon quit giving to charity. It takes so much time for 'em to explain when, how and where they got the money!" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

QUALIFIED.

"Why, I can't hire that man you recommended! There's an impediment in his speech!"
"Possibly. But there's none in his nerve!" — *Detroit Free Press.*

It's a pity that old George Stephenson can't have a glimpse of that mar-
velous automobile locomotive. However, it is n't quite as great a novelty as
was the clumsy little Rocket.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



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A scientific remedy which has been
skillfully and successfully administered by
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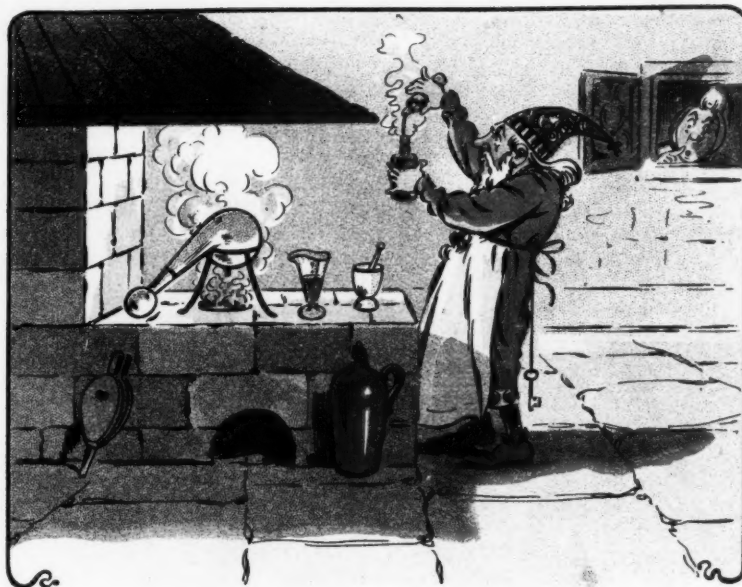
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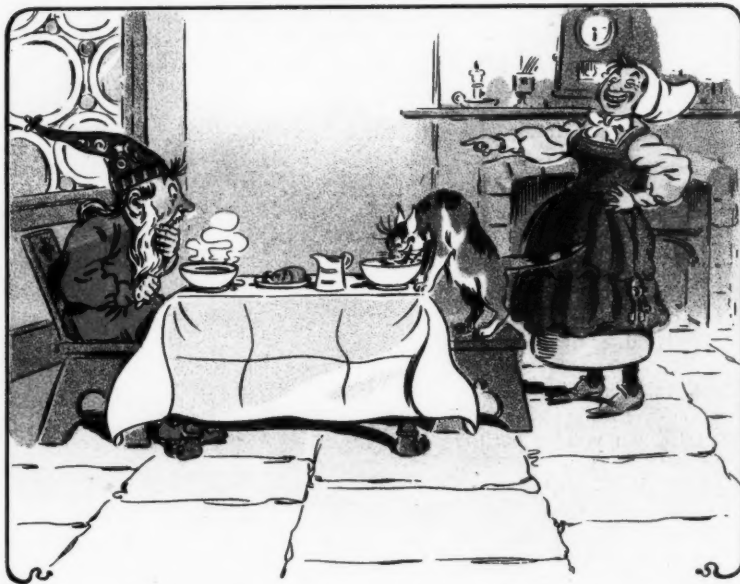
Old Bubblefizz, the Wizard, though respected near and far,
Had family jars quite often; — Behold a family jar!



Said Bubblefizz, soon after: "I will fix her *this* time, sure;
I'll cure her of her shrewishness;" — Behold his magic cure!



But wise was Madam Bubblefizz; she rose from where she sat
And clutched poor Poof, the Wizard's cat; — Behold poor
Poof, the cat!



Then merrily as in the bowl the cat's white whiskers played,
Dismayed the wizard gasped and stared; — Behold his stare
dismayed!



Oh, what is that looks at him, the bowl now clean and
dry?
A something with a rolling eye; — Behold its rolling
eye!



Loud laughed the Dame. "Although, my lord, your
thoughts to golf ne'er run,
You've made a hole in one," quoth she; — Behold the
hole in one!

THE CHARM THAT WENT ASTRAY.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK 31 56 8